



Geronimo Stilton

MICEKINGS

PULL THE DRAGON'S TOOTH!



SCHOLASTIC

Welcome to Far North World of the Miceking

WHERE THEY LIVE: Miceking Island

CAPITAL: Mouseborg, home of the Stiltonon

OTHER VILLAGES: Oofadale, village of the
village of the vilekings

CLIMATE: Cold, cold, cold, especially when t

TYPICAL FOOD: Gloog, a superstinky but fa
recipe is closely guarded by the wife of the m

NATIONAL DRINK: Finnbrew, made of equ
herring juice, with a splash of squid ink

MEANS OF TRANSPORTATION: The drek

GREATEST HONOR: The miceking helmet.

mouse performs an act of courage or wins a

UNIT OF MEASUREMENT: A mouseking tail

(quarter tail)

ENEMIES: The terrible dragons who live in

Meet the Stiltonord Farm

GERONIMO

the Advisor

the chief

THEA

A

horse trainer who

works

well with all

kinds

of

animals

TRAP

The

farmhouse

inventor

Mousebong

GERONIMO'S

BUGSILDA

Benjamin's

Best

friend

... and the Evil Dragons

GOBBLER THE

PUTRID

The
dragons

is

Devourer!

The dragons are

divided into 5

clans, all of which

are terrifying!

1. Devourers

They love to eat micekings raw —

no cooking necessary.

2. Steamers

They grab micekings, then fly over

volcanoes so the steam and smoke make them

SIZZLE

The

3. Biters

Before eating micekings, they nibble them delicately to see if they like them or not.

4. Slurpers

They wrap their long tongues around micekings and slurp them up.

5. Rinsers

As soon as they catch micekings, they rinse them in a stream to wash them off.

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coincidental.

e-ISBN 978-1-338-03559-9

Text by Geronimo Stilton

Original title Toglilo tu, il dente al dragante!

Cover by Giuseppe Facciotto (pencils) and Flavio Ferrone (inks)

Illustrations by Giuseppe Facciotto (pencils) and Alessandro Sestini (color)

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Special thanks to Tracey West

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Interior design by Kay Petronio

First printing 2016

What's Sec

It was a calm summer evening in Mouseborg, the capital village of Miceking Island. The sun was setting over the mountains, and a fresh breeze blew across my fur. I whistled as I walked. Sorry, I haven't introduced myself. My name is Geronimo Stiltonord, a mouseking!

As I walked, two young rodents leaped past me: my nephew Benjamin and

friend, Bugsilda.

“It’s so exciting!” said Benja

“Yes, it’s really exciting!” ag

Bugsilda.

What's the Big Secret?

“What's so exciting?” I called as they raced past.

“Oh, nothing,” replied Benjamin, ran away, giggling.

HOW STRANGE!

Next I passed the hut of Copper Iron, the village blacksmith.

Hee,
hee!

doesn't
know
a
thing!
Where

are
you
going?

What's the Big Secret?

“It's so exciting!” Copper ~~wanted~~
to another mouseking.

His customer glanced at me. “Shh, I’m coming.”

I marched up to them. “What’s so exciting?”

“Oh, nothing,” the mouse said.

“You must have heard wrong.”

HOW

VERY

STRANGE!

Oh, nothing.

Hee,

hee!

What's
exciting?

What's the Big Secret?

I was almost at my hut when I
group of micekings talking very
My cousin Trap, the village inven-
among them.

“Careful, it’s him!” I heard Trap
as I got near.

The micekings scattered, chuck-
HOW,
VERY,

VERY, STRANGE!

But . . .

Hee,
hee,
hee

What's the Big Secret?

“Trap, what is happening?” asked. “Why is it that every time up somewhere, everyone stops talking?”

“I don’t know what you mean, Captain,” Trap said. “There’s nothing going on here!”

I was starting to become annoyed. ~~I don't care~~ about your little ~~SECRET~~ Then I stomped into my hut and for what I hoped would be a ~~relaxing~~ night. I prepared a delicious pot of ~~cheese~~ cheese soup and was about to dig in when someone knocked on the door.

A Surprise for Me

My sister, Thea, was outside the door. “Geronimo, open up!” she called. “Have you come to laugh at me, you rascal?” yelled through the door. “I am not here to laugh at you. I am here to tell you about these secrets!”

“Don’t be a codfish,” Thea said. “I am not here to laugh at you. I am here to tell you about these secrets!”

“No, no, no!”

I said stubbornly.

I am

fed
up!

A Surprise for Me

I heard Thea sigh. “Oh, all right. I’ll have to tell Sven that you RE come out of your hut. I warned y I jumped up. “Sven the Shouter w me? Our village leader? Why did say that before?”

I hurried to open the door. Thea and grabbed a hunk of bread fr

“Sven ordered us not to tell you anything so we wouldn’t ruin the she explained.

My whiskers trembled with excit

surprise?

For me? What is it? A new

goatskin blanket? A precious sc

big chunk of Stenchberg cheese?"

watered at the thought of it.

I was so

curious

I was practically jumping

out of my fur!

Then we heard noises outside. "

A Surprise for Me

be the others,” Thea said.

“Others? What others?” I asked.

not expecting anyone.”

But Thea ignored me and opened

A **sea** of micekings invaded! They
made themselves **COMFORT**

right away. They

sat in my chairs. They

bounced on my bed. They
Make way!

Make

for!

coming!

Squeak!

What's

happening?

A Surprise for Me
my bread and **drank** my cheese
My humble home now held even
in Mouseborg!

“Great groaning glaciers!” I yelled.
Is everyone doing here?”

Right at that moment, Sven the Skunk
stepped in. He pounded me on the back with his paw.

Watch out!

“We’re it!
We’re here!

A Surprise for Me

“I have gathered all the miceki
your hut, you **Smarty-mouse**
thundered.

I nodded nervously.

“I need to make an **IMPORTANT**
announcement!” Sven said. “Maus
Musclepaw,
the great-great-great-grandson of
legendary Moki Musclepaw, has
arrived in Mouseborg!”

I've got
quite
a
surprise
for

you!

Ouch!

A Surprise for Me

The micekings let out a cheer.

“Hooray

for
Max Musclepaw!”

Hooray for the mouseking hero who

earned 1,753 MICEKING HELMS!

Shivering squids! That's a lot of mouseking helmets, the highest honor of the year!

“Is the surprise that Max is here?” I asked.

“What does that have to do with me?”

Sven gave me a piercing stare.

“It has everything to do with shrimpsnout!” I asked.

Max Musclepaw

to

come back to make YOU into a
mouseking!"

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Is This the Little Shri*supposed* to Train?

Sven LOOKED me up and down.
He sniffed me from the tips of my whiskers to the end of my tail.
Then he frowned.

“A true macho mouseking needs
a strong, bony body,” he barked. “You are as
squishy as a jellyfish!”

A glacial chill ran down my spine.

Sven continued. “So I have decided
you need a special trainer!”

“~~Sven~~
~~the~~
shouter!”

the micekings cheered.

“Well said, oh fearless leader!” m

Is This the Little Shrimp?
Trap chimed in.

I
scowled
at Trap,

but he kept talking.

“Either you have
muscles or you don’t,
and I have plenty,” Trap
said, flexing his meaty (but
not very muscly) arm. “But
you, Cousin, are as soft as
Have
seen
these

muscles?
a ball of mozzarella!”
“Wise words!” Sven the Shouter
agreed. “Trap, I order you to also
in the special training so you can
Geronimo how a macho mousekin
Trap tried to protest. “Um, well,
wouldn’t be **fair** to the other mice
would it?” he asked.

“Yes, why can’t we train, too?” the
micekings asked.

Is This the Little Shrimp?

Taking advantage of the CON

I tried to quickly slip out of there
whisker away from the exit, whe-
door **swung open** and hit me
in the snout!

Helmets and herring, that hurt!

“Geronimo, where are you going

Are

~~you~~ing?

Is This the Little Shrimp?

I looked up to see Thora, Sve
charming daughter!

“Well I . . . I just remembered I
something important to do!

Then the door swung open
(again!).

“Geronimo, let me introduce you
Max

Musclepaw “A weeking hero!” Thora said.

This is Max!

Hey there!

enormouse!

Is This the Little Shrimp?

So there I stood, gazing up at the
and most muscled mouseking I

had ever seen! He was as big as a

~~stone~~ a boulder, no, as a

as a whole mountain!

He looked me up and down.

“IS

THIS

THE

LITTLE

SHRIMP

I'M SUPPOSED TO TRAIN?"

he asked. "His tiny bones won't break, will they?"

"Ha! A bit of hard work never hurt anyone," boomed Sven. "And, to keep everyone happy, I have decided that **Smasher**, and **Sprainer** will participate in the training, too."

At those words, three strong mice
made their way through the crowd.
One by one they approached me,

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I'll
crush
you!

“I'm going to

Crush

you!”

“I'm going to **Smash**

you!”

“I'm going to

~~you~~ **SPRAIN**

I'll smash

you!

I'll sprain

WHY,

WHY,

WHY
DOES
EVERYTHING
HAPPEN
TO
ME?

You're Hopel You Smarty- Mouseking!

“Get out of bed, shrimp!” Max Musclepaw yelled early the next morning. He dumped a bucket of freezing water on me.

“B-but, it’s still dark outside!” I said.

But this muscled hero didn't want it. "A true macho mouseking gets up every day at dawn and starts **RUN!**" he bellowed.

I reluctantly got out of bed, yawning like a bear just waking from hibernation.

"Can't we at least have breakfast?"

Max gave me a **strange** smile.

You're Hopeless!

the food that you want in your b

bring it with us to Three Lookouts Cli

SQUEAK! I was already hungry

wanted to protest, but then I dec

was better to do what he said. (H

mentioned that Max is

very tall
and

very muscled?)

So I took the bag and stuffed it
with:

22 eggs,



16 slices of
toast,
20 jars of fjordberry jam,
25 logs of goat cheese, and
7 chunks of precious
Stenchberg.

When I finished,
the bag was

so
heavy!

You're Hopeless!

"Lift that bag and run!" Max shout

"I WILL

GET

YOU

IN

SHAPE,

YOU

SMARTY-MOUSEKING!"

Crusher, Smasher, and Sprainer w

outside. The three of them had a

their training, which consisted of 100 PUSH-UPS, 100 sit-ups, and 100 PULL-UPS using their whips. Guess what? Trap was nowhere. “Why don’t you all start the trip with me?” I suggested. “I should. Wait, my cousin.”

“No need!” said Max. “Your cousin is excited about the trip that he can’t wait to start.” “Really?” I asked in disbelief. “Yes, and you should follow his example, you little shrimp!” Max bellied up to the bar and started drinking beer.

You're Hopeless!

straighten you out, you smarty-m

Run, run, run!"

Then he began to chant:

"Our whiskers
always
make

proud!

We'll

say

it

now!

We'll

say

it
loud!
And if
the
dragons
we
should
meet,
We'll
crush
them
a
fierce
defeat!
We work,

we
stink,
we
sweat,
we
spit!

But
we
will
never,
ever
quit!
Our enemies
will

feel
our
sting!

We
are
the
true
and
mighty
micekings!"

We ran through the village and b
CLIMB up, up, up, all the wa
Smasher,

and
Sprainer
ran behind me, shouting
all the way.

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You're Hopeless!

“Run or I'll
Crush
you!”

“Run or I'll **Smash** you!”

“Run or I'll
Sprain
your tail!”

The hill we were climbing was so
the weight of my bag caused me
fall

backward, like a turtle in his shell
Run, you
shrimp!
Faster!

You're Hopeless!

How do I get into these terrible situations?

Move it!

Heeeeelp!

Three Le Cl

We finally reached the top of Three
Cliff.

Max Musclepaw was there already.
call that running?” he scoffed.

But I was tired — finished —
exhausted!

I was also starving, so I opened my
backpack.

“What are you doing, you little . . .”
Max yelled at me.

“I—I was just preparing BREAKFAST, oh brave one,” I replied hopefully. He snickered. “I said you could have breakfast. I didn’t say you could

I was puzzled, until
Max said, “The breakfast
is for the lookouts!”

“B-but . . . but . . .” I
stammered.

“Move it, shrimp!”
Max yelled.

He pushed me toward
the watchtower, where
three lookouts were
scanning the horizon.
The lookouts stay in
the tower DAY and

nightwatch
the sky for dragons, who
**The Three
Lookouts**

These three micekings
never leave the
watchtower. They sound
a large horn as a warning
when dragons or other
enemies are in sight.

Three Lookouts Cliff
are always starved for miceking 1

I handed the lookouts my backpack
of food.

“Young micekings just aren’t the
these days,” grumbled the first.

“Since when did micekings become
jellyfish?” grumbled the second.

“This one looks as soft as a cheese
grumbled the third.

I sighed. Would I ever fit in?

Suddenly, Trap ran up to me. He
sweaty and

sticky
But seemed to be

full of energy.

“Good morning, Cousin,” he said
cheerfully. “A nice little run is a

to start the day!”

It was strange that Trap wasn’t ex-
like I was. Even stranger, I thoug-
honey on him.

Three Lookouts Cliff

Are you

tired

already?

Puff .

.

.

pant

.

.

.

“It’s time to start our first exercise

called out. “You need to **crush**

rocks!”

I looked at the rocks. They were

boulders!

Crusher, Smasher, and Sprainer
pounding the boulders,
crumbling
them

with their bare paws.

Three Lookouts Cliff

“Snap to it, smarty-mouseking
yelled at me.

I tried to picked up the mallet,
it weighed as much as I did!

¹When I finally managed to lift it,
I charged at the boulder, yelling,
goooo!”

²But I missed it and face-planted in
the rock!

Kabaaaaaaaam!

Here I

²go!

1

Oops!

Three Lookouts Cliff

³The mallet slipped out of my paw, flew through the air, and landed behind a **goat** that was munching some grass nearby.

⁴The goat, **furious**, charged at me with its head down! Squeak

3

⁴Squeeeeak!

The Great Cliff Dive

I closed my EYES and prepared
worst as the goat
charged toward me.

At the last second, Max Musclepaw
the goat by its horns and stopped
tracks.

“YOU’D
BE
TOAST

IF
IT
WEREN'T
FOR
ME,
YOU
LITTLE
SHRIMP!"

he said.

He let go of the goat's horns. The goat trotted away, angrily huffing and

puffing.

The three lookouts had watched
scene from the watchtower.

“In our day . . .” began the
first
one.

“We respected goats!” said the sec-

30

The Great Cliff Dive

“We certainly didn’t throw malle them!” finished the third one.

Shivering

squids,

I

can’t
win!

Then Max gathered us together for

exercise . . . the great cliff d

I looked over the edge and got w

a dizzying drop down to the water

“I’m afraid of heights!” I whim

“And I’m a terrible swimmer!”

At that moment, I felt a

sticky
paw on

my shoulder. It was Trap.

“Come on, Cousin!” he said. “Fol

lead. I’m not

afraid
of anything!”

Max Musclepaw stomped up to us

“I smell honey.” He GRABBED Trap’s

belt. “It’s you! You rubbed honey on

your fur to make yourself look SW

You didn't really run, did you?"

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The Great Cliff Dive

“Um . . . well . . . I took a short nap,” Trap admitted.

“Is that so?” Max growled. “Then you jump first! And don’t try to trick me again!”

Max pushed Trap off the cliff! Then Smasher, and Sprainer each jumped off. They all splashed into the freezing waters of the fjord.

I LOOKED down,
turning as pale

The Great Cliff Dive

as mozzarella, then as purple as
berry, then as green as the moldy
Stenchberg cheese. Galloping goats
never make it!

Max tried to encourage me. “Wat he yelled.

“To get over a fear of heights, you
have to hold your

, breath,
said the
first.

“No, he needs to eat
some **Snails**,” said
the second.

“No way! He just needs
to stick
pinecones
in

his ears,” said the third.
I’m
scared!

The Great Cliff Dive

Then the first lookout sounded the alarm right in my ear.

Tooooooot!

Tooooooot!

I was so startled I jumped right off the cliff.

I fell down,
down,
down, . . .

Heeeeelp!

That's

how

it's

done!

Seaside Heartbreak

I made a mousetastic dive (well, a belly flop) and splashed into the waters of the fjord. I can't swim, so Max fished me out of the water with a long oar. up onto the deck of a drekar — a ship.

“Stop splashing around, shrimp!” yelled. “Our captain is waiting!”

Captain? My whiskers twitched
it wasn't . . .

“

! Hurry up and get on board.
We need to leave while the wind
favor,” barked
Olaf the Fearless.

36

Hurry
up!
We're
leaving!

Nooooooooo!

Olaf was captain of the *Bated Breath*,
the creakiest ship on all of Miceking.
My tummy started to do
flip-flops
as

waves rocked the ship. Then I saw
clouds
forming overhead.

Squeak!
Storm
was
coming!

“Don’t worry, Geronimo. A
true macho
mouseking
goes out to sea no matter what
the weather!” Olaf said.

I sighed and sat down on the row

Seasick and Heartbroken!
Then I heard a voice from the shore.
“You can
do
it!
Give
it
your
all!”

Squeak! It was Thora! She was running
along the shore waving a
miceking
flag at us. Was she really cheering us?

My whiskers trembled with excitement. I stood up. “Oh, lovely Thora! I will give you my all, just for you!”

Thora continued. “You can do it, ONE! Only you can turn that small mouseking into a real hero!”

~~Thora was~~ Shivering squids, only there to cheer for Max Muskrat. How heartbreakingly sad!

Max had me row the ship, but it was a real disaster. I am not a sea-mouse, so the drekar just kept spinning around and around!

Seasick and Heartbroken!

Max Musclepaw shook his head.

“Forget the rowing!” he boomed. “Climb up the mast and set the sails!”

Give

your

all!

tummy . . .

Uh-oh!
got
I obeyed, but my paws
tangled
in the ropes. They
twisted around
me like strands
of string cheese!
At this rate, I
would **never**
earn a miceking
helmet!

Thea Stiltonord, Goat Whisperer!

The ship sailed back to the port of Mouseborg. My sister, Thea, was waiting for us on the dock. Max explained that she had made an agreement with her to do a special exercise.

“You’ll all be riding wild horses,” Thea explained, and my fur froze.

Wild horses?!

“Geronimo, there are only four we can work with, so I’ve got a very special ride planned for you,” she told him. Geronimo had been walking.

“S-s-special?” I stammered, suspiciously.

THEA

the horse trainer

Thea is my sister and a very skilled mouseking. She trains horses, and she has a special skill she calls “whispering.” When Thea “whispers” to any animal, big or small, it listens to her. She knows the secret to communicating with all kinds of creatures!

Thea calmed me down.

“Oh, don’t worry. It’s just a friendly goat!”

But as soon as I saw it, my knees became as wobbly as cottage cheese.

Great groaning
glaciers!

It was the very same goat that had attacked me on Three Lookouts Cliff! I started to run, but Max grabbed me.

“Where do you think
you’re going, shrimp?” Max
bellowed. “Behave like a
true mouseking!”

He threw me into the pen
with the **goat**, but that

Oh no,
you
again!

beast would not let me come near

Thea came into the pen and ~~wh~~
some words to the goat to calm it

“Okay, Geronimo, climb on,” she

And then she left me. Squeak!

1

The “friendly” goat began to

kick

~~huff.~~

2

Then it stopped short and ~~threw~~
me off its back!

3

I **SPUN** through the air . . . and

landed in the boar pen!

43

Thea Stiltonord, Goat Whisp
That's when Sven the Shouter sto
“Max, bring Geronimo to **Gullet
Valley**”

for his final test!”

Crusty codfish! Everyone knows
Gullet Valley is very close to Bea
land of the fearsome
dragons!

He
doesn't
like
me!

“Leave at once!” Sven yelled.

All the micekings shouted:

“^{sos}
^{Sven}
the
shouter!”

3

Um . . . hi!

WILD BEASTS IN THE WOODS

Max Musclepaw proudly announces
for our final test.

“TO
COMBAT
YOUR
FEARS,
YOU
MUST
FACE

THEM!"

he boomed. "And what are mice?
the bravest of us, afraid of? Drag
I got
chills from the tips of my
whiskers to the tip of my tail. I am
brave mouseking at all!"

"We will go look for the dragons,"
continued. "We will FACE them!"

will

defeat
them!"

"Face them? Face the dra . . . the dr-

the dra . . .”

I didn’t finish my sentence because I fainted from fright!

When I opened my eyes, I saw a mouseking hovering over me.

“Wake up, you smarty-mouseking!” yelled Olaf the “Where am I?” I asked groggily. “You’re on the Bated Breath, of c

he replied.

Squeak! I was headed for Gullet ' whether I liked it or not!

The ship sailed to the edge of a t
forest.

“These are the Elderberry Ho

Woods,” Max told us. “They le

Valley. Move it along!"

We disembarked and marched through
the
~~dark~~ ^{swarm} I heard

noises

coming from behind the tree trunk

What
~~was~~
that?

It's
nothing!

“Trap, we’re not alone in these woods!” I whispered.

“Don’t be a ’fraidy mouse, Cous

Trap said.

This way!

Wild Beasts in the Woods

I kept my ears open as we walked
more strange sounds . . . brush
grumbling
complaining
. . .

Then I passed a tree trunk, and saw
claw marks
in it!

“Are there
w-w-wild beasts
in these

woods?” I asked Max.

“Nope,” replied Max. “Just some
bears.”

“BROWN BEARS! But they
beasts!” I cried.

“All they care about is **honey**,
explained. “Just don’t touch the
beehives
and you’ll be fine.”

I looked up. Dozens of beehives
dangled from the tree bran-
overhead.

“With all these beehives, there mu-
lot of bears,” I said nervously.

I was thinking of all those bears with their **sharp claws** when I accidentally tripped over a big log in the path. Crusher, Smasher, and Sprainer lifted the **log** and threw it like it was a little branch. When it hit the ground, however, **the whole forest floor shook!**

Out the way!
Ouch!

plonk!
Fruit halves fell, breaking
open as they hit the ground.

GOLDEN HONEY spilled out
of each one.

RooooaaaAr!!!

A chorus of threatening roars
rose from the bushes.
I ran away with my paws in the
air and my whiskers trembling
in fright.

“I didn’t want to come

here!” I squeaked.

A Dragon's Tail

I ran and ran as

~~FAST~~ as I could. It felt like

my feet weren't even touching the ground.

Had my

~~paws~~ wings?

"Stop right there, smarty-mouse!" a voice bellowed.

It was Max Musclepaw. That's what

realized that I wasn't flying. The

lion lifted me up by my cloak. I was so

afraid

of the bears that I hadn't noticed

“From now on, you will walk be

me, Geronimo,” he said.

I nodded.

“And you will be **very quiet**
know what’s good for you,” Max

“Do you know what’s

good,”

This is
Gullet
Valley!

A Dragon's Tooth

“Yes,” I squeaked.

He put me down and waved his arm. “Look at the scene in front of us. “We have to get out of here,” he said. “~~This is the Valley of the Vagons~~” hunting ground. They prowl the valley at night, looking for mice to eat.”

I gulped. Squeak! I didn’t want to be eaten by the Vagons. I approached Max.

“What exactly is our final test?” I asked him.

“It’s no big deal,” he replied. “You have to find the dragon’s tooth.”

have to pull out a dragon's tooth?

"A d-d-dragon's tooth?" I stammered.

Shivering

squids,

what

an

impossible

task!

Suddenly, Max crouched down. "Micekings! I hear a noise up ahead." Trap snickered. "That's just the

chattering of my scaredy-cousin

55

A Dragon's Tooth

“Not this time,” Max said. He p

“LOOK THERE!”

We all peeked out from behind th

to see **two dragons** splashi

around in a pool of

filthy water!

“Let’s get **closer**,” Max whisper

“Is that a good idea?” I asked. “W

it be smarter to get **far away**

But Max moved forward, followe

the others. Not wanting to be left

followed.

What barbaric beasts!

“Thisss hot
or hotter sssmellsss

eggsss, Magmar,” the green dragon
saying.

“Yesss, it’sss sssuperb!” agreed Magmar,
the orange dragon. “But we should

thingsss up, Rocky.”

Magmar looked around. “If

Gobbler

A Dragon's Tooth

the Putrid

knew we were relaxing in this

pool instead of hunting for fresh

miceking meat, there would be trouble.

Rocky snickered. “We

desserve a little rest!”

This is

the life!

We shouldn't

be

here!

ROCKY

Rocky is a type of dragon known as a Rinser. He washes his miceking meat well before eating it.

MAGMAR

Magmar is a young Slurper. He uses his long tongue to slurp up raw micekings — no ketchup necessary.

“If we’re caught,

Gobbler
SSSHHHEEE

usss with hisss

clawsss!” Magmar reminded him.

“Ssstay calm,” Rocky said. “Gobbler will never know. Now relax. We’ll go back on patrol later.”

Magmar rolled over in the pool, but he wasn’t convinced.

Trap and I were
shivering in
fright. The other
micekings didn't

A Dragon's Tooth
seem afraid at all.

“What’s the plan?” asked Crusher
and Sprainer.

“Should we

Crush
them?”

“Should we **Smash** them?”

“Should we

Sprain
their long tails?”

“Here’s the plan,” Max whispered.
go to the dragons and get their a-
The rest of you can **sneak** up
them.”

“How will we get to their teeth if **behind** them?” I asked.

But Max ignored me and headed dragons. Crusher, Smasher, and S pushed me forward.

“Let’s go, shrimp!” they said. As we crept up behind the dragon **jumped** out from behind a bush of them.

A Dragon's Tooth
"Hey you two! You with the
ugly

Snouts! you!" he
taunted.

The two dragons sat up and
sniffed the air.

"Look at that mousseking over there,"
Rocky said, spotting Max.
"How! A nice big one!"
said

Magmar, licking his lips.

Max kept taunting them. "You big

“Lizards! I will peel off your scales one by one!”

From our hiding place we saw climb out of the pool. Crusty cod truly a **BIG** . . . no, **giant** **ENORMOUSE** no, dragon!

How were we supposed to get on

A Dragon's Tooth
his teeth without being
chomped
and

swallowed?

I had no clue how to do it!

Once again I began to **shake**
I was shaking so hard that I **bu**
into a pile of rocks behind me. The
tumbled
to the ground, making a
noise.

Magmar turned his head. “Look,
micekingsss! This really isss our
The dragon moved toward us. “W

shall I ssslurp up firssst?"

~~We were friend,~~
~~done for!~~

Squeak! What could we do?

Suddenly, a huge mud ball hit
square in the face.

“RUN!

NOW!”

yelled Max Musclepaw.

61

They see us!
Lookie here . . .

Take that!

A Dragon's Tooth

The brave mouseking pummeled
and Rocky with mud balls. Tra
away from the dragons.
“Let’s get out of here, Geroni-

Quiiiiiiiick!”

Mousey Trou

We ran as fast as we could. Crusader charged ahead of us toward the wall, and I followed them as they shouted at us.

“This way!”

“Behind me!”

“Down this path!”

I had no idea where we were going.

We kept a ggling

through the trees. It felt like we

in circles.

“Where are we running to?
out.

65

Mouseking in Trouble!

Crusher, Smasher, and Sprainer looked at each other, confused, then each repeated
“This is the way!”

“Trust us!”

“We know where we’re going!”

So we kept following them until we came up on the banks of a wild river.

“I don’t remember this **river**,” I admitted.

Mouseking in Trouble!

“This doesn’t look familiar,” agreed Smasher.

“We’re lost!” Sprainer yelled.

I sighed. I knew we were somewhere between the Elderberry Honey and Gullet Valley. There were two behind us, and a river in front of us. We were doomed!

“Good-bye, miceking world!” I said dramatically. “Farewell, beautiful Thora!”

“Stop being such a blubberhead!”

Great groaning glaciers!
the voice of Max Musclepaw. I lo
to see him standing on the other
river.

“Jump in the water and **swim**
herrings, all of you!” Max ordere
dragons are coming!”

Mouseking in Trouble!

But the river was too big, and the

I have a

solution!

CURRENT

was too strong. If

we tried to swim, we would

be **swept away**

by the roaring water.

“I have a solution!”

Trap exclaimed. “I am

the village inventor,

aren’t I?”

He quickly went to

work, grabbing strong vines

and tying them together end to end. When he finished, he had two very long and strong vines.

I wasn't sure what Trap had in mind, but he turned to Crusher.

"Toss one end of each over to Mac," he instructed.

The three beefy micekings tossed the vines over to Mac, who caught them and tied them together end to end. When he finished, he had two very long and strong vines.

Mouseking in Trouble!

ends of the two vines over to our

Trap yelled instructions over to M

Max tied the ends of the vines s

to a tree. Trap tied the other two

a **tree** on our side. The long vine

stretched across the river.

I finally got it. Trap was making

bridge!

Crusher, Smasher, and Sprainer r

their way over the **skinny** br
graceful tightrope walkers.

The

bridge
shook

so

much!

I, on the other paw, was **terrifi**
afraid of heights, and I am not gr
not an athletic mouseking — I am
“Calm down, Cousin.

make it,” Trap said. “This bridge

69

Oh
no!

Miceking Tested
and Approved.”

“Not by this
mouseking!” I said.

I hugged the tree.

“I’m not going
anywhere.

I'm staying here!"

"Fine!" Trap replied. "I'll cross first. But follow me, if you don't want to become dragon food."

He took a few steps onto the swaying, skinny bridge. The bridge shook so much!

Trap started to wobble. Then he slipped!

He slipped!
Oops!

Mouseking in Trouble!

Splaaash! My cousin fell into the freezing water of the river! His snout dipped under and the current started to sweep him away! Max and the three beefy mice just stared at Trap, not sure what I had to do something.

But what?

Suddenly, my determination kicked in. I **QUICKLY** scrambled across the bank, no longer afraid that I would fall in.

Then I grabbed a vine **hanging** from a tree and threw it to my cousin.

“Grab it, Trap!” I yelled.

He grabbed the vine, and Crusher,
and Sprainer helped me **pull**
ashore.

72

Got it!
Good
Heave ho!

Mouseking in Trouble!

“Heeeeeave ho! Heeeeeave

“Heeeeeave ho! Heeeeeave

“Heeeeeave ho! Heeeeeave

With one last tug, Trap fell at our

“Thanks, Cousin. You saved me

exclaimed **happily**.

Max pounded me on the back. “W

shrimpy! You have made me pro

Well done!

Thanks!

74

Mouseking in Trouble!

I couldn't believe my ears. The hero had given me a **compliment** he would tell Sven the Shouter. And just maybe, I would finally earn a helmet!

I imagined myself wearing the helmet. Thora, beautiful Thora, would **smile** at me.

“Thora,” I would say. “Will you –” “Dragons!” Trap yelled, **jolting** me from my daydream. Rocky and Magmar had found

No Mousekin Left

Behind!

The two dragons lunged toward Musclepaw. Rocky grabbed his paws and Magmar grabbed his feet, and pulled on Max like he was taffy.

Magmar's stomach rumbled. He snarled at Max and blew his **stinky breath** in the

mouseking's face.

"We caught you, you moussekine troublemaker!" Magmar hissed. "be sssuch a tasssty sssnack!"

He opened his jaws, ready to gobble Max.

"Sssstop!" roared Rocky. "That'sss how you do it!"

No Mouseking Left Behind!

“What do you mean?” Magmar a

“You’re sssupposed to rinss
moussseking before eating him!”

insisted.

Magmar shook his large head. “T
not right! You’ll wash off the flav
to eat him now!”

“You don’t know what you’re

Rocky argued. “I worked in the d

~~Estidze with~~

You mussst rinssse before eating.

Magmar tried to distract him. “Wh
those other micekings? Did they
We hadn’t. We were
hiding
behind some
trees, trying to decide what to do.
Rocky looked around. “They won
“Sso let’sss eat thisss one
now,
and then look for the othersss,” M
suggested.

“Fine!” growled Rocky, shooting FIRE from his nostrils. Then the two dragons flew off, carrying Max with them.

“Go back to the drekar without me!” Max yelled bravely.

What a hero! He was truly a fearless mouseking.

They
him!

Bye
We'll
back!

No Mouseking Left Behind!
Believe me, I wanted to RUN. But I
couldn't leave Max in the
clutches
of those terrible dragons. I glanced
at my companions.
Crusher, Smasher, and Sprainer are
~~and~~ **beefy, boggous,**
but without the guidance of Max
they didn't know what to do. And Max
is good with inventions, but he's not
brave.
It was up to me, the shrimpy s

mouseking, to save the day.

“We will leave no mouseking beh
I cried.

The other micekings nodded.

“I need your help,” I said. “Toget
can do this.”

Crusher, Smasher, and Sprainer’s
lit

up.

No Mouseking Left Behind!

“He’s right! We’ll

~~crush~~
them!” said

Crusher.

“We’ll smash them!” said Sma

“We’ll

~~sprain~~!” said

Sprainer.

Only Trap seemed unsure. “Okay

“will we find the dragons?”

“Don’t worry,” I said. “I know wh

I had already come up with

a

mousetastic

idea!

What
an
idea!

81

ON THE D

TR

I explained my plan, but my com

LOOKED at me, confused.
“Are you sure it will work?”
Trap asked.

My paws were shaking nervously.
I replied, but I tried to sound confident.
“Of course! If we climb up one of the
hills, we will be able to see all of Gullett
Valley.”

“From there it will be easy to spot
ENORMOUSE dragons,”

see where they're taking Max."

Crusher, Smasher, and Sprainer were convinced.

"The BARK is too slippery!" said

On the Dragons' Trail

"The TREES are too tall!" said Sm

"We'll need a **really** lon

said Sprainer.

I thought about it. "We will be the

I replied. "Each one of us can sta

the shoulders of the other. It's like

Together we can do this!"

Trap slapped me on the back with

"Good idea, Cousin!"

"I'll be on the
BOTTOM!"

said Crusher.

Let's

climb!

On the Dragons' Trail

“And you can go on the **top**, G
Trap said.

Only then did I understand the T

I had gotten myself into. My paw
shake like a bowl of cheese curd.

“B-but . . . but I’m **afraid** of he
stammered. “Can’t one of you do

“You’re not making sense, Cousin
replied. “You couldn’t possibly hel
of us with those shrimpy muscles.
You’ve got to climb to the top!”

I sighed. It was my plan, after all.

I couldn't back out. Besides, with
second that passed, Max Musclep
DANGER of becoming
dragon dinner!

Smasher climbed on Crusher's shoulder.
Then Sprainer climbed on top of Smasher.
Trap climbed on top of Sprainer. Then it
was my turn.

It's high up
here!
Hurry!
Your turn!
Do you
have to?
No
kicking!

I see them!

I slowly began to climb. I have never been good at climbing tall trees.

I'm not good at climbing short ones.

One by one, I climbed up my companion.

“Ouch! You stepped on my ear!” cried Crusher.

“Ouch! Watch the whiskers!” cried Smasher.

On the Dragons' Trail

“Ouch! No kicking!” cried Spr

Finally, I stepped onto Trap's head

climbed to the top of the tree.

Holey cheese, what a view

A Sweet Plan

From the top of the tree I could see the gullies of Gullet Valley, from the gullies of Elderberry Honey Woods all the way to the barren land of the dragons.

“Can you see the dragons, Geronimo?” Trap yelled up to me.

I scanned the scene. Mostly, all I could see were the thick forest trees. Then I saw something: two balls of FIRE, followed by puffs of smoke. I yelled down to Trap.

“I see the dragons! They’re in the valley to the north of here!”

“Good job, Cousin! Come back de

Trap yelled.

This excited the other three mice.

88

who started to
pound the trunk
of the tree with their
paws.

“We will crush them!”

“We will smash
them!”

“We will sprain
their tails!”

The tree began to shake!
I lost my grip and
slid down the trunk.

THUD! I landed
on my tail. Trap

helped me up.

I'm

sliiiiipping!

“Now how are we supposed to
Max Musclepaw?” he asked.

“Yes, how?” echoed Crusher, Smokey
and Sprainer.

“I’m not sure yet,” I replied. “Let
closer look at the situation.”

I was deep in thought as we walked
the clearing, and almost bumped
beehive.

“Watch it, Cousin!” Trap warned
“You don’t want to anger the **brown**
bears again.”

Crusty codfish, that was all we ne-

Unless . . .

An idea hit me. Another MOUSEY
idea!

“Listen up, everyone,” I told the class.

90

Plop!

“We can use the brown bears to chase away the dragons. We just have to make them believe that the dragons want to get their **honey!**”

I pushed on a tree trunk, trying to get a beehive to fall. But since I’m a shrimpy smarty-mouseking with puny muscles, I couldn’t move the tree even half a tail.

Luckily,
Crusher, Smasher, and
Sprainer helped out.

Plop!
Plop!
I'm too
weak!

A Sweet Plan

A dozen beehives fell to the ground.
sweet **smell** of honey spread through the woods.

A loud roar came from the bushes.
the big brown bears rushed out!

A Sweet Plan

fierce claws and jaws fill
sharp teeth! We grabbed the
and ran away as FAST as we could

The Charge of the

When we reached the clearing, R
Magmar were washing Max in
the rocky shore.

“How many timesss do we have to do this moussekking?” Magmar commented.
Rocky. “I’m hungry!”

Rocky lifted up the soggy mouse.

“Ssscrub under his pawsss a bit m

Magmar! You'll sssee how tassst
be!"

“Seasonings? Be Magician with a Sprinkle of Pepper!”

“No, he would not,” Rocky replied.

94

Put me down,
you ugly lizards!

SCRUB

SCRUB

fresh mouseking today is better
COOKED one tomorrow!”
My whiskers shivered in fright

heard those words. But I had a M

to complete! I couldn’t turn back

Then the dragons spotted us. “LO

Magmar! The micekings have ret

Ricky cried.

“Sssweet!” hissed Magmar. “Now

have dessert!"

95

The Charge of the Brown Bears

I gathered my courage. “Micekin
prepare to attack. Now!” I yelled
trembling voice.

At that signal we all tossed our b
at the two dragons. The hives bu

open, covering the dragons in S
honey.

“I will gobble you all in one sssin
Magmar roared, lunging to
At that moment, the brown bears
and clearing. They were big, h
SOOO SPEEEEEEEDY!

Taken by surprise, Magmar

Rocky dropped Max. The mousek
scurried off just as the bears jump
two dragons.

Lick!

Slurp!

96

Gobble!

The Charge of the Brown Bears

The bears began to eat the honey
stuck to the dragons.

“OUCH! These bearsss bite!” Roc
yelled.

“Get them off me!” wailed Magmar.
Trap taunted them. “Now you’ll know
mousenap any of us, you lousy
~~lizards!~~^{wasn’t} lucky yet battleble dragons could
chase him. They had too much honey
stuck to their wings — and too many
climbing on them!

The bears pushed the dragons back
step . . . **two** steps . . . **three**

splaaash!

Rocky and Magmar fell into the river.

Everyone knows that dragons can't swim.

**Mission accomplished!
I'm free!**

They bite!
Ouch!

The Charge of the Brown Bears

clean water. It washes off their
stench (which is terrible to ev-
and it can give them colds! scales

“Not freshwater!” Rocky wailed.
They yelled and blew SMOKE out
dripping nostrils. But the water
Uh-oh!
in falling!

The Charge of the Brown Bears
off the honey.

We watched them, satisfied, as they
away.

MISSION ACCOMPLISHED

Max Musclepaw RAN up to me.

“Looks like I made you into a ~~tiny~~
~~macho~~ mouseking, didn’t
friend?” he asked.

I nodded and held out my paw. “
He shook it firmly. “I thought you
supposed to be a smarty-mouseking.”

The Charge of the Brown Bears

I am the one who should be than

You saved me!"

Crusher, Smasher, and Sprainer lie

above their heads.

Hooray!

Long live

Geronimo!

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The Charge of the Brown Bears

“Hooray for Geronimo

Then they tossed me in the air and

“Hip, hipp hooray!”

Max looked like he might even

To hide his feelings, he THUNK

“Back to the drekar! True mac-

micekings never stop!”

My First Miceking Helmet!

The return trip went smoothly, and we arrived in Mouseborg at sunset. The whole village was waiting for us.

Sven ran to meet us. “So, smart mouseking,” he shouted, “did you manage to pull a dragon’s tooth?”

Great groaning glaciers, we had forgotten!

We were so worried about saving the dragon, we had forgotten about our final

“Well, you s-s-see —” I stammered to answer.

Max interrupted me.

“Valiant Sven, we did not finish the

My First Miceking Helmet!

Max said. “Two dragons captured

Everyone gasped.

“Max Musclepaw was captured?”
one mouseking.

“The hero who earned 1,753 helmets?”
asked another.

“How did he get free?” someone asked.
Max motioned for everyone to be quiet.
“I’m free thanks to Geronimo. He saved me all!” he announced.

Sven patted me on the back. I “m proud

of you!”
’s about
time!

My First Miceking Helmet!

My nephew **Benjamin** pushed
the crowd. He threw his arms around
my neck.

“I knew you could do it, Uncle,”
he cried.

Then, the charming **Thora** appeared.

“You were so brave, Geronimo!”

Shivering squids! Thora had

You are a

hero!

Ummmm . . .

I . . .

Well done,
Cousin!
Hooray!

Yippee!

Hee, hee!

My First Miceking Helmet!

called me BRAVE! I blushed from the base of my tail to the tops of my ears.

“Umm, actually, I didn’t really do

s-s-special,” I stammered nervously. Thora shook her head. “You behaved like a real hero, Geronimo, even with a miceking helmet!”

“That’s right!” Max interrupted. “That kind of behavior that should be rewarded with a miceking helmet!”

Sven nodded. “Micekings of Mouse City, REJOICE! Geronimo will receive

his first — and possibly last — n
helmet!”

Everyone let out a celebratory ch

LONG LIVE GERONIMO!”

HOORAY FOR THE SMARTY-M
WE’RE ALL WITH YOU!”

My First Miceking Helmet!

“We will **celebrate** with a la
banquet!” Sven shouted. “And my

Mousehilde, will prepare

the village!”

Mousehilde nodded. “I will make a

pot of gloog! And when it’s done,
make some more! And then some

more . . . until you all tell me to
stop!”

“Hooray! We love

gloog!” yelled the villagers.

Mousehilde headed

toward her kitchen to make the

gloog (an excellent **stew**, in case you're wondering). The other mice had to get ready for the feast. They put on their **fanciest cloaks** and **curled** their whiskers.

I couldn't move. I stood in the village square like a fly **stuck** in a bowl.

Three cheers for Geronimo!
Hip, hip, hooray!

My First Miceking Helmet!

soup. I was in shock. I was going first miceking helmet!

“Geronimo, what are you still doing here?” Thea asked me. to the feast looking like this,” she said.

“You need to **wash** your fur and your best cloak!”

“You need to go!

She had a point. After that incredible

adventure with the dragons,

I **stunk** worse than Stenchberg cheese.

So I dragged myself home.

I took a nice
hot bath

in the tub.

Then I dried
myself off and
dragged myself

My First Miceking Helmet!

to the closet between yawns. I was

I was so tired — worn out — exh

I had barely managed to put on s

clothes when I collapsed on my b

passed out!

111

A True Mouseking Never Stops!

I was snoring deeply when I heard a voice.

~~“Was it time to sleep?”~~ Geronimo, I jumped out of bed. “Huh? What is it?” I yelled. “The dragons?” Thea had her paws on her hips. “Who? What? How? Geronimo? There’s a celebration

in your honor
and you're here
snoring?"

“B-b-but
I was just
taking

A True Mouseking Never Stops!
a little rest,” I tried to explain.
Thea dragged me to the feast. Sven
SHOUTING as soon as he saw
“What happened to you, **Smart**
mouseking?” he asked.
“I’m s-s-sorry,” I apologized. “I w
very tired.”

“You were **tired**, eh?” Sven a
“While all of us were **Busy** pre
feast in your honor? Is this how y
us?”

Max Musclepaw stood up. “Ten l
around the Eternal Challenge Fie
hero thundered. “Then one hun

one-paw push-ups and one thousand
whisker lifts!"

"But . . . what about my mice
helmet?" he asked.

A True Mouseking Never Stops!
shouted. “That will teach you to
before your adventure is over. A
macho mouseking never
stops!”

I wanted to cry, but Thora appre-
me. “Don’t worry, Geronimo. You
another chance to earn your helm-

Oh, lovely Thora!

She was right. No matter how ma-
had to try, I would earn my mice
I would do it!

BUT THAT’S ANOTHER

MICEKING STORY FOR ANOTHER DAY!

114

What a feast!
Good gloog!
Cheese for
everyone!
What a

Miceking

Island

Beastgard

Gullet Valley

Feargard

Forest of a

Thousand

Scales

Oofadale

Yawning

Cove

Helpful Hills

Mouseborg

Don't miss any
adventures of
the Micekings!

U
Ne

Be sure to
read all my
fabumouse
adventures!

Don't miss
any of my

advent
the King
Fant

Dear mouse,
thanks for
and good-
the next

